



1844—1894.
THE SHADES AND THE LIGHTS
OF A
FIFTY YEARS' MINISTRY.

Jubilate.

A SERMON BY
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ST. LUKE'S CHURCH,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
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LEVITICUS XXV, 10TH—"And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year * * and it shall be a jubilee unto you."

Notwithstanding the countless ills which befall us during our mortal life, the conviction is almost universal that life is a great gift to man, and that it has exceeding value. It is true that we hear now and then the moody question, "Is life worth living?" True, that occasionally, the despairing exclamation falls upon our ears, "I would that I had never been born!" But you will notice that it is only one man out of thousands who makes these doleful utterances. For, on the whole, men love life. Men study more or less the uses of life. Men rejoice in life; because life, with all its adversities, guarantees substance and affords a measure of reality

Hence, everywhere in the societies of men we find the Anniversaries, the Commemorations, the "Red Letter" days, the Annual Festivals, the Centennials, and as of old, among the Jews—the JUBILEES, of persons and families and nations. And these testify to man's conviction of the excellence and worth of the life which God has given us.

I have fallen in, Friends and Brethren, with this common sentiment of mankind; and this day, in accordance with a desire which comes from many quarters, I stand here to celebrate, with your generous assistance, the *Fiftieth Anniversary* of my ordination to the Priesthood.

I beg that you will put aside any thought or suggestion of personal importance or merit in this observance.

Its significance lies entirely in three or four simple facts of a general nature: (1) That my term of service is the longest of any man of my race, in this Church; (2) That I have ministered in three different quarters of the globe; (3) That twenty years of this service was in the African field; and (4) That the termination of my pastoral life, comes, with the close of my Rectorship, at the end of this year; and that the whole story of this ministry has had intermingled with it a signal Providence and much human favor

These several aspects of ministerial service suggest as a topic of thought this day, "*The Shades and the Lights of a fifty years' ministry.*"

At an early period of my boyhood, stimulated by the catechising of my pastor, Rev Peter Williams, then Rector of St. Philip's Church, New York, and kindled, as I well remember, by a sermon by Doctor (afterwards the Right Rev. Bishop) Whittingham, I determined to prepare for holy orders. There was not then a single college or seminary in the United States which would receive a black youth. It was a day of deep darkness and tribulation for the Negro race in this land. The pro-slavery and caste spirit dominated the country. Chief Justice Taney's statement, for which he was most unjustly criticised, was true to the letter; namely, that in "the common sentiment of the Nation the Negro had no rights which white men were bound to respect." This virulent Negro hatred was well nigh as strong in the Church as in the State.

The case of the three colored Rectors who preceded me in the ministry will illustrate this fact. These men were Absolom Jones, Peter Williams and William Levington;

and each, respectively, in Pennsylvania, New York and Maryland, received orders under the shameful condition imposed upon them, namely: "That they would never apply for admission to the Conventions, in the Diocesses in which they lived." They suffered other gross indignities. My own pastor, Rev Peter Williams, was always called "Peter" by the clergy of New York. It would have broken their hearts to have entitled him "Mr. Williams."

I was then, in 1839, but a youth; but I had determined that I would never submit to such degrading conditions: and that I would endeavor to get the fullest training for the ministry. I became a Candidate for Orders in 1839, and at once, under my Rector's direction, applied for admission to the General Theological Seminary in New York. Dr. Whittingham was then Dean of the faculty. Nothing could have been more gracious than his bearing towards me. A colored young man, Mr. Isaiah De Grasse, had made a similar application two or three years before; and Dr. Whittingham told me—"You have just as much right of admission here as any other man. If it were left to me you should have immediate admission to this Seminary; but the matter has been taken out of my hands in De Grasse's case; and I am very sorry to say that I cannot admit you."* Under the advice of my Rector I drew

*How genuine and abiding this high, tender, delicate, gentlemanly sentiment was in Bishop Whittingham, may be seen by a single incident. "Age could not wither it, nor Custom"—the pagan CASTE-CUSTOM of America.—"stale it!"

On a visit to the United States, in 1861, I called on the Bishop, at his residence in Baltimore. At the close of a long conversation, he paused, of a sudden, his face coloured up, and he remarked to me—"Mr. Crummell, I feel ashamed and mortified that I haven't a pulpit to offer you on the morrow! But you know the state of things in this city." This was amid the hurly-burly of the incipient Civil War; and only the night before my life was in peril, from the ruffians of the city.

up a petition to the Trustees of the Seminary. My petition was presented by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, then Rector of St. George's Chapel, New York. It is impossible to tell the exasperation caused in this august body. After a fierce and angry debate, in which that lion-hearted prelate, the Right Rev. George W. Doane, of New Jersey, stood alone in my behalf, the petition was rejected. Immediately, that is during the session of the Trustees, Bishop Onderdonk sent for me; and then and there, in his study, set upon me with a violence and grossness that I have never since encountered, save in one instance, in Africa.

What, you ask me, was the kernel of this difficulty? It was chiefly this: South Carolina had endowed a Professor's chair in the Seminary to the amount of several thousands of dollars; and the Bishop was determined that South Carolina should not be offended by the presence of a Negro in that Seminary. The upshot of the case was that, by a pitiful device, my name was stricken from his list of candidates.

I was, as you may judge, completely at sea; and the ministry seemed to me a hopeless thing. My application to the Seminary made me a marked man. Hardly a churchman, clerical or lay, would touch such a presumptuous Negro, such a disturber of the peace as myself. The anger against me on every side was almost universal and intense.

There were, however, with a few others, four noble exceptions. There were three laymen in New York, illustrious by name and distinguished by position, who protested against the action of the Trustees and the conduct of the Bishop. These were the Hon. William Jay and

John Jay, Esq., the son and the grandson of the illustrious John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States; and Charles King, Esq., then editor of the "New York American," and a son of the eminent Senator of a former day, the great Rufus King. One eminent clergyman is to be added to these, the Rev Manton Eastburn, D. D., Rector of the "Church of the Ascension." At the instance of these gentlemen, with their assistance and letters, I went to Boston. There I became a Candidate for Orders; and two years afterwards, May, 1842 was ordained to the Diaconate, in St. Paul's Church, in that city.

My first charge was at Providence, R. I.; but there I could not get support. From Providence I went to Philadelphia. When I went to Philadelphia, the Bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev H. U. Onderdonk, made this demand on me: "I cannot receive you into this Diocese unless you will promise, that you will never apply for a seat in my Convention, for yourself or for any church you may raise in this city." My reply was an immediate one: "That, sir, I shall never do." That ended the interview; but, as I was leaving his study, he called me and said: "You may wait a few days, and I will communicate with you."

The Pennsylvania Convention met, at its annual session, a few days after this interview. The Bishop, in his address suggested that possibly some other African Church might spring up in the diocese; and advised, that in such an event, it would be well to prepare a Canon that "no such church, or its minister, should be admitted to the Convention."

The Convention was all in the dark concerning my

application; but the horror of a black face in their midst was enough! The Canon was passed quickly, without question or debate; as though a calamity or pestilence was to be avoided. Within forty-eight hours afterwards the Bishop sent me word that my "Letter Dimissory" had been accepted.

But, as in Providence, so in Philadelphia, the clergy, save in rarest instances, would not sustain me: I had been a disturber of the peace, and I must be punished by neglect. Not seldom, reverend divines were rude and insulting; and the result was poverty, want, and in the end sickness. On one occasion I was in a state of starvation. I gave up my work in Philadelphia, and went to New York. It would be useless as well as tiresome to enter into particulars concerning my work in New York. It was, for the most part, a repetition of the misfortunes of Providence and Philadelphia. The clergy stood aloof from my work. One grand exception, however, was that hero, orator, and philanthropist, Dr. S. H. Tyng, the then Rector of St. George's Church. His whole soul rose up in holy hatred of both slavery and caste. If it had not been for him, and the constant and unfailing generosity of my great patron, Hon. John Jay, I think I must have died; for poverty, want, and sickness had well nigh broken me up.

It was at this juncture that the suggestion arose that I should go to England, and appeal for funds to build a church. It came, I think, from Rev. Evan M. Johnson, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Johnson was one of the most singular characters I ever met with. I am incapable of speaking of his intellectual calibre; but his positiveness, his dogmatism, his singular eccentricities,

his unique and original utterances, mingled with his high Christian character and real nobility of bearing, often made me think of Boswell's portraiture of old Samuel Johnson. He utterly despised and trod upon the pro-slavery and caste usages of the day. In the face of popular prejudice he maintained his right to invite me into his pulpit, and to entertain me as a guest at his table. His own work was largely self-sustained; and thus he was unable to take upon himself any responsibilities of my missionary endeavors. He suggested an appeal abroad, as a solution of the difficulty

I close, just here, the chapter of distress and calamity to turn to a brighter page. My life, up to this point, had been, for the most part, one of clouds. But it was not all shades and darkness. For how can I pass over the gracious sympathies and the large generosity of eminent Priests, Bishops, and distinguished Laymen, who rose above the spirit of the age, and spurned, with indignation, the common inhuman despite against the Negro.

But how shall I speak of these exalted characters? How can I set forth their calm disdain of the ignoble Negro hate of their country? How set forth the gracious condescension with which they received, succored and encouraged an obscure Negro youth? I am perplexed at the task which lies before me. The simplest statement, however, will, I think, help me out of it.

You will remember, just here, that my application to the New York Seminary caused the loss of my candidature, and barred my way to the ministry. Distinguished friends gave me letters to Boston. One of these letters introduced me to the Rev William Croswell, then Rector

of the 'Church of the Advent,' and, not only a Divine, but one of the sweetest poets of our church. Mr. Crosswell was deeply interested in the Negro race, and in the evangelization of Africa. Let me pause here but a moment, to read to you a Sonnet of his, which seems to me fully equal to the glowing verse of Montgomery, on Africa, or the fine Sonnet of Wordsworth to the Negro Lady fleeing from France:—

“Joy to thy savage realms, O, Africa;
A sign is on thee, that the Great I Am
Shall work new wonders in the land of Ham:
And while He tarries for the glorious day
To bring again His people, there shall be
A remnant left from Cushan to the sea.
And though the Ethiop cannot change his skin,
Or bleach the outward stain, he yet shall roll
The darkness off that overshades the soul,
And wash away the deeper dyes of sin.
Princes submissive to the gospel sway,
Shall come from Egypt: and the Morian's land,
In holy transport, stretch to God its hand:
Joy to thy savage realms, O, Africa.” *

Mr. Crosswell was one of the foremost of the then rising “Tractarian Party,” in the American Church. He was a man of evident sanctity, and a character of peculiar excellence and purity. Never can I forget that more than earthly countenance, nor the gentle brotherly reception he gave me. He was well aware of the Seminary incident, and was pronounced, in his expression of personal sympathy, and of dissent from the action of Bishop Onderdonk and the Seminary Trustees. “Mr Crummell,”

*This poem was written on the occasion of the Ordination of the Rev'd. Mr. Olsten, a colored man, sent as a Missionary to Africa.

was his remark, "I will do all that I can for you. It happens, however, that I do not belong to that school, in the Church, which has the most influence here. Go to Dr Vinton and to Rev Mr Clark. They will help you; and I will use all my influence with them and the Bishop, and you may rely upon me."

The Rev Thomas M. Clark (now Bishop of Rhode Island) was then Rector of Christ Church. At the mention of his name I am oblivious, for the moment, of the lapse of time since 1842. He was then a young priest in the full flush of a brilliant and most successful ministry. He stands out before me a splendid spiritual Knight-Er- rant, glowing with Godly ardor; "valiant for the truth;" with all the impulses of the Christian hero; swayed by his inspiring eloquence and his crystal character the crowds of worshipers who flocked to the old church in Temple street, to drink in his teachings, and to be guided by his instructions.

Dr. Alexander H. Vinton was in most respects, a contrast to Mr. Clark. Somewhat phlegmatic in temperament, quiet in demeanor and utterance, seemingly emanci- pate from impulse or passion, full of masterful control in every section of his grand being, and regulated by mas- sive intellect; he impressed me with the idea of a grand Christian philosopher standing on the very apex of intel- lectual and Christian life. Dr William Ellery Channing, the eminent Unitarian Divine and Thinker, had but a little while before passed away; and not a few of *his* disciples thought that the light of New England was, for the time, extinguished! But Daniel Webster and Francis Wayland, the one in the political, the other in the religi-

ous world, seemed the great magnates, the intellectual giants of the day; and I thought, at the time, that Dr Vinton was worthy, with them, to form a grand Triumvirate.

Dr. Vinton, Mr. Clark and Mr. Croswell became my friends and patrons; and through their influence I was introduced to the venerable Bishop Griswold.

The Bishop received me with fatherly interest and cordiality; and he concluded his conversation with me with this generous remark: "Mr. Crummell, I wish there were twenty men of your race applying for orders. I should be more than glad to receive them as candidates for the ministry in this Diocese."

My removal from New York to Boston seemed to me a transition from the darkness of midnight to the golden light of a summer morning; and it filled me with transport and aspiration. Never before, I judge, had a Negro youth, in this land, had such a golden experience.

Just think of a simple black boy in 1840 being received, in the very Mecca of American culture, refinement and piety, with courtesy, with manly recognition, with Christian fraternalism!

All honor to New England! Land, indeed, of sterile soil and bleak mountains! Land of chilling winds and wintry frosts; yet, notwithstanding these physical drawbacks, the land of noble hearts, of Christian brotherhood, of generous sympathy, and of large philanthropy!

I have already referred to my removal, first, from Providence to Philadelphia; and as I am now referring to the brighter incidents of my ministry, there can be no more fitting place to set before you a notable occurrence

connected with the name of the Right Rev Bishop Doane, of New Jersey

Bishop Henry U. Onderdonk refused to receive me into his Diocese, save under degrading conditions and an ignoble promise. Pending his decision I went down to Burlington, New Jersey, for counsel and advice from Bishop Doane. I did not know the Bishop; but I had heard of his energetic protest against my non-admission to the General Theological Seminary. I can never forget that interview; never forget the grand man who received me. He was standing, with some parting friends, on the banks of the Delaware, on the beautiful sward before his Episcopal Residence. His two boys, one, now, Bishop of Albany, were with him.

At a moment of leisure I approached and introduced myself. I then told him the demands of Bishop Onderdonk, and stated my deep perplexities. Those who remember him, will remember his strong, stalwart voice and utterance; and at once he thundered forth these words:—"Don't you do it! Don't you give him any such promise! Bishop Onderdonk is a strong personal friend of mine, but he has no right to demand any such promise from you. You have the same rights in the Church of God as any other man, and don't you give way to any such demands."

Here again was not only light, but strength and encouragement. I left Burlington not only with a lighter heart, but with a more fixed purpose never to submit to the ungracious and degrading conditions which ever before had been imposed upon colored clergymen. Subsequent to these occurrences, I went to New York; and there, after severe trials, was advised to seek English aid

for the erection of my church. And thus, in the providence of God, I was ushered into a further scene of light.

I reached England on the 26th of January, 1847. I was much broken in health; but at the same time full of earnest purpose and bright hopes. My letters from Rev. Mr. Johnson and others brought me into relation with eminent personages in both the political and ecclesiastical world. Everywhere I went I was received with favor and courtesy. My appeal for funds was kindly responded to. I was permitted to preach in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Bath, Gloucester and many other towns. My work, however, was interrupted by fits of illness. Once it was so extreme that through the kindness and influence of a clerical friend, I fell into the hands of the eminent Sir Benjamin Brodie. Meanwhile unsolicited, nay, unthought of by myself, a personal interest sprung up in my behalf; and the request came to me that I should retire for a season from over-work, and become a student in the University of Cambridge. And so it came to pass that I was entered at Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1851. During my Terms, however, I was often in the hands of doctors. Not seldom I fell into a state of discouragement and despair, on account of my health. Now and then my studies were interrupted. At length came the earnest counsel of my medical advisor that I must seek a warm climate.

It was this advice which led me to Africa. It was perfectly natural that abandonment of my work in New York, gave offence to my old school friends, who had rallied about me; and also to several of my white friends. But I knew that, with my broken health and with the in-

evitable penury that was before me in New York, I could not stand, and would surely succumb.

My five years' residence in England was, save the interruptions of sickness, a period of grand opportunities, of the richest privileges, of cherished remembrances and of golden light.

Now what shall I say with regard to these associations? Shall I reckon with the fear of misrepresentation? Shall I take counsel of possible misconception of my motives? I confess to much embarrassment in this matter. But I remember too the words of a great poet,

"Our fears mislead, our timid likings kill."

Do I not owe as much gratitude, and the expression of it, to the great people across the waters, as to their kindred great people in New England? I hardly think I shall be justified, in shutting out from sight the recognition and the hospitality of my English hosts, any more than those of a former day in Boston.

I have spoken of the "*Lights*" of my ministerial life. They came, first, in New England. That was a grand prelude. It took a wider sphere of illumination in grand Old England.

The insular and commercial position of the English, makes them curious concerning the character and condition of other peoples. Joined to this is their great love of liberty. Curiosity, however, is the key which opens the door to foreigners. In nine cases out of ten the condition, and the facts of the condition, abide; the individual is lost sight of.

My letters carried me, first of all, to the hospitable board of one of England's most majestic characters, Sir

Robert Harry Inglis—great as statesman, philanthropist and a pillar of the Church. Soon one, and then another and then another of the prelates of the Church of England, gave me cordial recognition. Among these were Wilberforce, the great Bishop of Oxford; Bishop Blomfield of London; Dr. Stanley, the Lord Bishop of Norwich; Bishop Hinds, who, at a later day, licensed me, for six months, to a Curacy in Ipswich. Once I had the privilege of spending a morning with the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Thirlwell, Bishop of Landaff; the most learned Bishop of the English Church; and was charmed and left wondering at the great simplicity of his character, married as it was, to his marvelous weight of learning.

Now and then I had the privilege of entrance into the circle of noted families—the Froudes, the Thackerays, the Patmores, the Caswells and others of *literary* note; the Sturges, the Croppers, the Kinnairds, the Laboucheres, the Noels and the Thorntons of the *philanthropic* world. It was at the latter place I listened, for two or three hours, to that brilliant avalanche of history and biography, of poetry and criticism which rushed from the brain and lips of Thomas Babington Macaulay. Numbers of the clergy gave me hospitality, in some cases lasting friendship, which abides to the present, save where death has interposed. I cannot do otherwise than mention the names of the great Biblical writer—Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne; Rev. Henry Venn, the great Secretary of the Church Missionary Society; Rev. Henry Caswell; Dean Close, and Rev. Daniel Wilson. Two of my greatest friends, must receive special mention, Wm. T. Blair, Esq., once Mayor of Bath; and Mrs. Clarkson, widow of the great Thomas Clarkson, the ABOLITIONIST.

Pleasant and flattering as were the incidents of my sojourn in England, I never thought of permanent residence there, notwithstanding generous suggestions, and kind offers. My heart, from youth, was consecrated to my race and its interests; and as I was ordered to a tropical clime, I chose the land of my forefathers, and went to West Africa.

I landed in Liberia in 1853, and at once threw myself into the work of that young, so-called nation. It was not, in a true sense, a nation. It has never risen above crude and simple Colonial life; for it was, at first, driven, by untoward circumstances, and these not of its own creation, to assume, and before due time, exaggerated and almost crushing national functions. I found there great crudities, and sad anomalies. How could it have been otherwise? Was not Liberia the fruit, the product of slavery? Did not its illiteracy and its immorality spring directly from the plantation?

And yet, notwithstanding its many disabilities, I saw at once noble ambitions, earnest, zealous, if not definite, aspirations; and I felt proud to ally myself with those qualities, far distant, as I saw their realization must certainly be.

I can say but little of my missionary life, because it was hedged up and crushed out by the malignant and spiteful caste spirit, in Bishop and many of the missionaries, which they brought from America, and which marred their own labours. But I can say, in all simplicity, that, so far as the Liberian communities were concerned, I strove with all my might to build up my race.

I spent nigh twenty years in Africa. The predictions

of Doctors in England proved correct. After my acclimation, I entered into health, such as I never had before, and such as I have never had since. Under a tropical sun I became vigorous, elastic, life-enjoying. If I had not gone to Africa, I am quite sure I should have died years ago.

I threw myself vigorously into all my work. It was beset, everywhere, with supreme difficulties—the mistrust and ignorance of the colonists, and the prejudices of the white missionaries. I have, however, the assurance that it was healthful and elevating. During my residence in Africa I was Pastor; Master of the High School; Professor in Liberia College; School Farmer; Missionary

I kept myself abstinent entirely from politics; but I felt myself forced, by the condition of the country and the demands of the people, to take my place as a public Teacher. I do not shrink the egoism which is implied in this statement. The people wanted my opinions concerning national life, and, as a devoted Negro, I was glad to advise and give counsel by public speech. And thus, on divers occasions, I was called upon to deliver public addresses. One of their leading officials, then a pupil of mine, but now Secretary of State, visited this country last year; and he told some friends, in my presence, that while in Liberia I “was a little too rigid.” I am proud of this criticism. It is in evidence that I tolerated no iniquity, and that I rebuked depravity. I told the people of Liberia the naked truth, on all occasions, without flattery, and as a censor of great faults. All peoples, on their first passage from slavery to freedom, need moral rigidity. Restraint, moral and political restraint, is, and will be.

for a long time to come, the great need of such a democratic system as that of the Republic of Liberia. Having experienced the galling discipline of slavery, they need, as a corrective to license, the sober "discipline of freedom."

The criticism, albeit an exaggeration, gratifies me, inasmuch as it emphasizes the anxious solicitude of my life in Liberia, as a teacher; namely, to aid in training a class of young men rightly to fulfill the higher duties of Church and State. I am glad and proud, too, to say that not a few of these youth have become noted and prominent men on the West Coast of Africa; in Sierra Leone; in Liberia; and at Lagos. Some are wealthy merchants; some are teachers; some are Ministers of the Gospel; one, for years, was a Professor in Liberia College; one is now Secretary of State in Liberia; another is editor of the "Lagos Weekly Recorder," and one is the Bishop of Cape Palmas. That they appreciate my miscalled "rigidity," is manifest by the grateful letters which come to me, year by year; by the visits they make to my house, in this city, when they visit the United States; and by the superior life and character which they show in the sight of men, in their several communities.

After nigh twenty years' residence in Africa I returned to the United States in 1873, and soon after took up my residence in this city. I have now been Rector of St. Luke's Church well nigh twenty-two years. On the last day of this month I shall retire from Pastoral care and Rectorial responsibility. I need not dwell upon the nature of my service here. It must speak for itself.

I am conscious of the weariness of my words, this morning, and equally so of their personal quality. But,

my friends, some of the facts I have related should not, I think, lose their record. But no one, save myself, could set forth the noble generousities of the Bishops, Priests and eminent Laymen whose courage and philanthropy I have brought before you. I, myself, shall be forgotten; but God forbid that their goodness and mercifulness should be left unremembered!

And now you may ask me—What is the conception of life which my experiences have wrought within me?

My answer is, first of all, that no age, no Church, no people are ever left, by the Almighty, destitute of grand prophets, devoted priests, and glorious reformers. The great benefactors to whom I have referred lived, in what has been called, the "Martyr Age" of American history, the times when it was a reproach for any man to show devoted interest in the Negro race.

I have given you the acts of not a few of the greatest names in the annals of our Church. I have chronicled the large benevolences of historic characters in our Communion. They were not obscure personages. Most of them were Dignitaries. Go back fifty years in the life of this Church, and where will you find greater names than these I have mentioned? Who were more distinguished than Whittingham and Doane and Eastburn, than Vinton, Croswell and Clark? These were the men who faced the deadly caste spirit of the age with lofty scorn, and bent, with the largest magnanimity, to the most despised people in the land. Theirs, too, was no tardy and reluctant philanthropy. It was prompt, gracious and spontaneous. No such case as mine had ever come be-

fore them. It required but the touch of circumstance, and the spring of generous brotherhood started, as though awaiting elastic and gracious movement. In a "day of trouble and rebuke and blasphemy" they championed, with zeal and alacrity, the cause of a Negro! My friends, Burke's elegaic utterance was not true! "The age of chivalry is not gone! The unbought grace of life has not passed away." It lives perennial and undying in all the grand sacrifices, the noble self-abnegation, the saintly condescensions of the Church of Christ, of which I have given you grand examples.

The most conspicuous of these, however, was that illustrious philanthropist who but recently joined the number of the elect, and whose life and character have elicited encomiums the rarest and most lustrous for a generation or more. The Hon. John Jay was the very first of my benefactors. I was sitting in a garret room, in Church street, New York, utterly bewildered on Bishop Onderdonk's rejection of me. All of a sudden I was told that a young gentleman wished to see me. It was Mr. Jay. He climbed the narrow stairway, and entered my little cabin. I myself had not then reached my majority, and he could not have been more than a year or two older than myself, a recent graduate from college. I was charmed with the grace and elegance of his manners, and that mingled beauty and manliness of person that he carried with him through life, but then, in its early youthful glow. He had heard of the rude and unjust treatment I had received, and came to tender his sympathy and succor

Here was a young man, fully equipped by ancestry

and name, culture and wealth and position for the highest prizes in life; yet, seemingly oblivious of them all, and looking about him for a career. And then with the spirit of a martyr deliberately devoting his life to philanthropy, by vindicating the cause of the down-trodden Negro.

"The age of chivalry is not gone!" Never in all the history of the world has the Almighty been wanting of the gallant spirits, ready, at any sacrifice, to vindicate the cause of the poor and needy, and to "wax valiant in fight" for the downtrodden and oppressed. "The glorious company of the Apostles," "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets," "the noble army of Martyrs," have never yet come short, in finality. Their ranks are unbroken, unceasing, and immortal! "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

One other large truth I wish to put before you, namely, that standing now more than three score years and ten, in age; the scars of bitter caste still abiding, I am, nevertheless, a most positive OPTIMIST. All along the lines of my own personal life I have seen the gracious intrusions of a most merciful providence. Every disaster has been surmounted and eclipsed by some saving and inspiring interposition. It is not merely a personal experience. It is a wider truth. It is a fact and a principle which pertains to the large and struggling race to which we belong. There is a Divine, an infinite, an all-powerful hand which moves in all our history; and it moves for good! Incidentally it allows severity and anguish; but its primary trend is redemptive and saving. The Lord Jesus came into this world to save men. Not seldom the perversity of

man puts the *will* of depravity, in the place of the enlightened *will* of Conscience and Reason. But the all-gracious love of God comes even to unwilling souls, and puts a divine purpose into their lives and history. And thus it is that the crazy rush of the "madding crowd" is kept constantly under His searching eye; and is restrained by His almighty hand; and by His merciful will is turned not seldom into channels of good and blessedness. "Even the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath does he restrain."

"In the unreasoning progress of the world,
A wiser spirit is at work for us."

It may be distant; it may not come in a day; nay, it may take generations for its grand fulfilment; but surely it will come, that wrong, and error, and injustice, and craft, and outrage shall utterly be destroyed! Some day the precious hopes of the righteous shall be realized, and the gracious promises of God be fulfilled! I am just as sure it thus shall be, as I am that I am standing here, this morning!

"I know the truth shall crush the lie;
Somehow, sometime, the end will be."

And so, and then, all the perturbations of earth shall subside; all the distractions of men and societies shall cease; all the darkness of sin and Satan shall be scattered; all the clouds and gloom, all the shadows and mist which obscure our vision shall vanish away, and fade, at the last,
"Into the light of coming day."

On Monday Evening, December 10th, a Public Church Reception was given the Rector. The Presentation Address was made by Mrs. A. J. Cooper. Letters Congratulatory were read, from the Rt. Rev Bishops Paret; Whitaker; Coleman; and Holly of Haiti; from the Rev. Dr De Costa, accompanied with a poem; the Rev. Dr Hall Harrison; the Rev. Dr. McKay-Smith; Rev Dr. McKim, and Dr. W T Webbe; from the Vestry of St. Thomas' Church, Philadelphia; Robert Niven, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, London; John A. King, Esq., New York; Mrs. Judge Aldis; and many others.

A sumptuous Entertainment was provided by St. Luke's Parochial Guild; and addresses were made by Rev Dr. Townsend; Rev Dr. Grimke, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. G. T Bragg, Jr., and others.

ADDRESS
OF
MRS. ANNIE J. COOPER,
In behalf of the Women of St. Luke's Church.

It has been said by one that man is memory--the more memory, the more man. The isolated raindrop retains no trace of its passage from and to the great ocean; but the individual units from humanity's sea, can treasure up the experiences through which they have passed; and the amount of this treasure is the measure of a soul's wealth. Raw and tasteless is the crude being without a past; beggarly and unripe the nation without a monument. There is something tawdry and pitiful about mere newness. A new house, with every picture, every screw, every cushion, every book spick and span, is almost vulgar in its garishness. You feel that the chairs are not to sit in, but to admire; that to make yourself at home and give comfort to your weary limbs on their obtrusive magnificence, would be an impertinence. Their uncompromising newness tires and oppresses you. You like best the library whose books have been thumbed; the easy chair that has administered comfort, and seems to know that it was made for use; the house that seems to have earned the name of "home" through a long past of hospitality, of genial warmth and loving shelter and protection. Say what you will about roundness of contour and peachiness

of complexion, you like best the faces that have thought and felt and grown. You like best the character that has ripened into mellowness through years of sunshine and of shadow, of experience and growth.

I confess there is something peculiarly restful to me in the contact of a man who has gotten beyond the struggle of making a place and gaining a name in the world; a man who has emerged from the strife and the strain, the elbowing and the pushing—who is not absorbed in the passionate effort to SEEM, but IS.

Youth, it is true, with its hope, its aspiration, its belief in itself, its lusty self-assertion, its ambitious determination to carve out a lofty niche for itself, is not without a certain charm and inspiration. The budding spring-time has its own peculiar fascination; but the outcome is largely problematical. The very interest which fascinates, taxes you. What will the harvest be? And oh the struggle and the toil, the pruning and the training to make that harvest! One's imagination bends beneath the strain. We turn with grateful joy to the contemplation of one who has gained the heights of repose; one whose roseate aspiration has ripened into golden character; one whose sweat and toil in the long tough furrows have matured a rich storehouse of ripened grain and mellow fruit.

The fiftieth anniversary of the oldest Negro Priest in America is an occasion of peculiar interest and inspiration. It is rightly called "golden." It is the harvest color; the symbol of wealth and achievement. It represents something accomplished, something done, which as Longfellow puts it has EARNED a night's repose.

And now, our Reverend and Beloved Pastor: As St. Luke's congregation accompanies you to this fiftieth milestone on your historic path, the feeling, I am sure, in each heart today, as is in my own, is, would that we had loved you more! Would that we had lent more constantly the reinforcement of our sympathy and support during the struggle! Would that we had given more tangible evidence of our appreciation and loyalty!

But regrets such as these are like flowers heaped on coffins. We want rather to break our alabaster boxes of ointment for our friend; while his spirit can yet be cheered and comforted by our warm and pulsing interest.

It is not so much our fault, perhaps, as it would seem, that we have not yet learned how to treat our heroes. Intelligent hero-worship is a plant of slow-growth, and we are yet young as a race. Few men can appreciate an altitude above their own plane of activity, or comprehend a depth beyond their own soundings. It is a pity if we have reached only the stage of the Jews when it was said of them they "killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent unto them." But you know that here are loyal hearts and true in this little band of St. Luke's, who will always love and cheerish your character and example. For one, I have always thought St. Luke's too narrow a field to contain you. Your race needs you. "The Black Woman of the South," whom you have so nobly defended; the black man of the South, groping despairingly amid the darkness and coldness of his unfriendly world, needs sorely your counsel and kindly touch.

While it is sweet to live in the secret thoughts and

affections of friends, however few, there is surely a touch of the divine and the eternal in the power to live forever, in the spirit and character of a race, made better by your being in it and of it.

It is said that Hawthorne, in the old days of struggle, one day returned home in a fit of dejection. He had lost his place. It seemed to him in his despair, that the end of his career had come. But his wife cheerily drew a chair up to the fire, and placed before it his slippers, and a writing table saying brightly, "Now then you can write your book." The result was "The Scarlet Letter."

And so I would entreat you not to let this fiftieth Jubilee of work seem the closing of your career. Let it be rather the entrance into a larger, fuller career; the meeting of a broader and deeper want; the direct unstinted giving of yourself to the many throughout the land, whom you can help inspire.

"On every height lies repose," sang the poet; but that repose does not mean cessation of activity or diminution of usefulness. It must mean the Repose that comes with a broader vision and clearer light; the Repose of those natures which are emancipated from circumscribed aims, through the power of a grander sweep and a richer attainment; the Repose of giving perfectly out of a generous fulness set free from the vulgar struggle of getting.

It is such a repose that I wish you. We cannot afford to let you retire for many, many years yet. We need you now more than ever; and your relief from the engrossments of one congregation, is only to give you to the larger work of the country. St. Luke's, Washington City, the Diocese of Maryland would be selfish to wish to

circumscribe you. From Maryland to Texas there are hungry millions to whom you can minister as, perhaps, can no other man now living. To go from town to town, to instruct and advise, in plain heart-to-heart talks; to give the touch of your personality and the richness of your presence; let this be the task that illumines the afternoon glow of your sunset sky and not merely a passive enjoyment of that "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends" with which the present hour is blessed.

Accept this token* of our appreciation of your long and faithful service, our veneration for your character, our dutiful loyalty and love for your eminent and conspicuous worth. We cannot but regard the closing of your active charge of St. Luke's as a calamity irreparable for us. But we know your forces are ripe for broader activity, and we yield you to the race.

*The token was a purse of gold coin from the Women of St. Luke's Church.

